



THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY AUTHORIZED EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS FANZINE AND OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES

MAN-EATERS

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

I have had many adventures with lions, mostly vicarious; and of the many things that I have learned about them the most outstanding is that a lion is always a lion, unpredictable. Recently I talked with a man who had just returned from East Africa, where, he said, the lions were perfectly harmless and had to be shooed out of the way; but if I were he I should not bank too heavily on this experience with lions. I recall reading in the papers a number of years ago of a lion that escaped in the London Zoo being chased back into its cage by a young man, with an umbrella. On the other hand, my old friend Charlie Gay of Gay's Lion Farm at El Monte, California, has been badly mauled by lions he had been working with daily.

I think that the occasions upon which lions will attack a man are astonishingly few in comparison with those upon which they might be expected to attack, for it must be remembered that lions are extremely nervous and temperamental and that they attack more often because of fright than because of ferocity. Two occurrences which I witnessed rather bear this out. One took place on a Tarzan set a number of years ago where I was watching the shooting of a lion sequence with my little daughter, then only a small child. They were working with a young and very nervous lion; and the arena was no place to be with a small child, as lions appear to have a gustatory predilection for little children (dozens of times I have seen them charge the sides of their arenas in attempts to get at mine) even when not impelled by hunger.

We were supposed to be protected from the lion by a temporary fence, and as I had confidence in the trainer I felt that we were in no danger. A great deal of trouble was experienced in getting the lion to approach the camera at the right angle. Half a dozen men were chasing him around with whips, firing blank cartridges at him, whooping and yelling. It would have been quite enough to have wrecked the equanimity of a stone Buddha. It wrecked the lion's. His one desire in life seemed to be to escape. In his attempts to do so it might have been expected that some one would be hurt. He ran toward the camera and between the legs of the tripod. The cameraman was the

next obstacle in the direct line of his progress. He deserves a Croix de guerre. Instead of abandoning his camera to possible demolition, he hoisted up one leg and let the lion pass beneath it; then the lion jumped the low fence that separated him from myself and several other idiots.

Remembering that lions like little children and that the trainer had warned us to stand perfectly still if anything went wrong, I pushed my daughter behind me and stood still. I stood very still. By comparison, a tombstone would have been dancing a merry saraband. The lion had his choice of idiots, but he harmed no one. Here was every provocation for attack; and had the lion been ferocious he would have attacked, for he was nervous and frightened. Had he attacked, it would have been because of fright rather than ferocity.

On another occasion I was on location with M-G-M when the director was attempting to shoot a lioness charging directly into the camera. The camera, the cameraman, and his assistant were located in a wooden box in front of which there was a hole through which the camera shot was to be made. The box was built of 2x12's and the lid spiked on. They wanted it to be lionproof. Above and behind the camera box was the lioness' cage. The plan was to start her with a rush from the opposite end of the arena, have her run for her cage, to reach which she would have to leap to the top of the camera box. The resultant shot would have shown a head-on charge of a lioness, with the beast rising in air to seize its prey at the end of the charge. Marvellous! That is if the lioness had understood what was expected of her, but she didn't. When she approached the camera box she saw a nice, dark, inviting looking hole into which she could spring and hide from the complexities and tumult of civilization. When they finally pried the cover off the box they found the cameraman in one corner with the camera on top of him and the lioness in the other. It has always been a question which was the more terrified. The assistant cameraman had gone out the hole the lioness came in. He swears by all that is holy that he went out at the same time the lioness was coming in. No one was hurt. Why? I answered that question in the first paragraph — a lion

is unpredictable.

These two incidents might lead one to the erroneous belief that lions are cowardly animals and far from dangerous. They are very dangerous beasts, and far from cowardly. A few years ago a shot was being made at the old Selig Zoo in Los Angeles. The lion was supposed to leap from a platform onto a man dressed in some kind of skins. I do not know why a dummy was not used. It seemed impossible to get the lion to leap from the high platform; so a device was rigged up whereby a current of electricity could be shot through the lion after he was in position on the platform. It was a splendid idea, and it worked to perfection. The lion leaped onto the man and killed him.

As an instance of a lion's courage, Sir Alfred E. Pease recounts in his The Book of the Lion an adventure that proves that one lion at least was courageous to the point of temerity, and there are many other recorded instances to bear out his contention — such, for instance, as lions entering villages at night and carrying off their victims in the face of fire brands, spears, clubs, shouting men and screaming women. Sir Alfred and two friends had run a lion to cover in a tiny reed bed where it had lain down out of sight. The three men were armed with a 10-bore rifle, a .404 Jefferey cordite rifle, and a double-barrelled .450 cordite. They agreed that it was impossible for a lion to get through this array of firearms, and so decided to go straight on to him at once on foot. Sir Alfred was quite sure the lion would charge, but equally confident they could stop him before he reached any of them. They walked up to within nine paces of him, being on ground that sloped downward to the little patch of reeds which concealed him. There they halted, and one of them threw a stone that brought the lion out with a terrific grunt — flying straight at them. Mind you, this was a fat, gorged, unwounded lion which could have just as well run away from them, as a cowardly animal would have done. The three men fired simultaneously without any apparent result. One of the shots only slightly wounded the lion; another of the hunters got in at least two shots, one of which struck the lion full in the nose, breaking teeth, cutting along the roof of the mouth, and lodging in the base of the skull; one shot struck where neck and shoulder join, passed under the shoulder blade, raking along the lion's ribs till it lodged in the skin at his hip. All of these shots appeared to have no effect on the charge, and might as well have

been misses as far as the safety of the hunters was concerned. Fortunately for them the shot from Sir Alfred's second barrel, fired at only five paces, bowled the lion over. Who may say that this was not a courageous lion to face so much greater odds and charge into such heavy firing?

One cannot but feel regret that it should be necessary to kill so noble a beast; but he had rather invited destruction, as he was one of a group of lions that laired on Sir Alfred's property, often making their kills by day in plain sight of the house and frequenting the main path to it, making it, as Sir Alfred says, "jumpy for every one of us when taking this track home at nightfall." I should think so!

All lions are not man-eaters; but there have been innumerable instances recorded of men, women, and children being devoured by lions. These are usually old lions which have not the speed and agility to catch their natural prey and have become man-eaters by first preying on the domestic animals of men and then on the men themselves, as they discovered how slow and helpless and what easy prey man really is. But there have been instances of young, healthy lions developing a taste for human flesh. The most famous of these were the man-eaters of Tsavo, which practically stopped the building of the Uganda Railway for a time through their depredations and the terror they inspired. Lt. Col. J. H. Patterson's story of these ferocious beasts is the all-time classic of adventure tales.

For nine months these voracious and insatiable man-eaters fed on the white officials and Indian coolies who were building the railway.

Ungan Singh, a powerful Sikh and one of Col. Patterson's jemadars, was asleep in his tent with half a dozen of his fellows, when, about midnight, a lion suddenly put his head in at the open tent door and seized Ungan Singh by the throat. The man cried "Choro!" ("Let go!"), and threw his arms around the lion's neck. The next moment he was gone, and his panic-stricken companions lay helpless, forced to listen to the terrible struggle which took place outside.

O'Hara was the engineer in charge of the road-making on the Uganda Railway Project. He had with him his wife and two children, one an infant. But let Mrs. O'Hara tell the story in her own words.

"We were all asleep in the tent, my husband and I in one bed and my two children in another. The baby was feverish and restless; so I got up to give her something to drink; and as I was doing so, I heard what I thought was a

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THE CONTRIBS OF YESTERYEAR

From out the yellow, musty past
Of faded files and drear
I wriggle from oblivion
To answer, "Master, here!"

My old blood starts and almost flows—
Ah, memory sublime!—
Of long gone day when first I made—
(Aw, shucks! that doesn't rime.)

Yet once again before I go
To reap reward condign,
I'm glad that I have heard the call—
The old call of the line;

The call that's old, yet ever young,
Nor time, nor age can stint:
The ancient call for which I fall—
To see my name in print.

Normal Bean



THE CLIMATE AND THE VIEW

When one first comes to southern Cal
And glome the cloudless blue,
One swallows nearly everything
While listening to the natives sing
The Climate and the View.

And when one's robbed and bilked and bled
And flimflammed through and through,
The native tries to ease the pain
By bleating loudly and amain
Of Climate and the View.

The lean and hungry realty man
Adheres to one like glue.
He has not eaten for a year,
Yet still one hears him bravely cheer
The Climate and the View.

And when one comes to leave for home,
And bide the south adieu.
One must admit, would one be fair,
That Sunny Southern Cal is there
With Climate and with View.*

Normal Bean

San Diego
*And nothing else.

Concerning Barsoom Maps

Frank J. Brueckel

Something resembling a feeble controversy has arisen among a few of us who during the past have published charts of the planet Barsoom, showing our various interpretations of the areographical data given in ERB's Mars books. The first such chart to see publication is that constructed in 1949 by Rev. Henry H. Heins; it appears in Alvin Pick's fine chapbook, *The Dream Weaver*, together with a copy of a letter written by Mr. Heins to ERB in 1949, in which the cartographer calls attention to some of the difficulties in drawing such a chart because of disagreements in the information provided by the books. Even earlier, in 1948, a chart prepared by Robert H. Schlutter was submitted to the *BURROUGHS BULLETIN*, but as publication was not feasible at the time, Schlutter's effort did not see print until May of 1963, in BB # 14. A third map, the joint undertaking of Michael D. Resnick and Camille Casedessus, Jr., appears in ERB-dom # 6 (April, 1963). (For brevity, I shall hereafter refer to this as Resnick's map, though the chart itself was drawn by Casedessus. There are some indications that "Cas" placed slightly different interpretations on a few of the references Resnick compiled.)

These three charts have in common the feature that they endeavor to establish only the relative locations of Barsoomian places on a latitude-longitude grid, but do not superpose this grid on a map of the planet Mars as seen by our astronomers. To me the problem of central importance has always been to relate Barsoomian localities to the Martian surface visible through astronomical telescopes. In July of 1962 I submitted a map of Mars, with Barsoomian cities and areas marked on it, to the *BURROUGHS BULLETIN*; this was published in BB # 14. In the meantime Larry Irvie had completed a Barsoom map which likewise places the locales of the stories on a Mercator projection of Mars; it appears in *The Reader's Guide to Barsoom and Amtor*, published by Richard Lupoff in June, 1963.

All these efforts were, of course, quite independent of one another. On the whole they agree roughly in the relative placing of cities, as is to be expected in view of the fact that all the cartographers were working from the same data. However, in certain particulars we find important differences in the interpretations which the various map-makers have placed upon specific references in the Mars books, with the result that significant disagreements occur with regard to the positions of certain cities. This circumstance arises from the fact that Burroughs did not construct a chart of Barsoom for his own guidance in writing the stories; many of his areographical data are vague or ambiguous, and as the Mars series grew over the years he obviously forgot sometimes what he had said earlier concerning the locations of particular places; so in reading the books we encounter various statements that flatly contradict one another.

There appear to be three major sources of trouble for the hopeful Barsoom-cartographer, which are responsible for the principal differences among the five maps published at this writing (September, 1963).

1. First, we have considerable confusion about the identity of the Martian "Greenwich". In the first three books ERB does not mention the longitudes of Barsoomian cities, but in *THUVIA* and *CHESSMEN* he consistently refers to various places being so-and-so many degrees east or west of Horz, the ancient, long-dead center of Martian culture. Then in *SYNTHETIC MEN* and *LLANA* he suddenly tells us that Martian longitudes are taken from "Exum", though we are not informed if "Exum" is a city (as Irvie and I regard it), the name

of the meridian passing through Horz (Heins's interpretation), a point on the meridian of Horz (as David Van Arnam suggests in *The Reader's Guide to Barsoom and Amtor*), or the intersection of the Prime Meridian and the equator (as Resnick and Schlutter think). The Heins-Van Arnam interpretation would be a neat and simple solution to the difficulty if it did not result in serious discrepancies in the distances of various cities from one another. So Irvie, Schlutter, Resnick, and I place "Exum" on a different meridian than Horz, and we agree that this meridian lies east of Horz, though we differ over the angular distance between the two meridians (Schlutter says 30°, Irvie 33°, Resnick 10°, Brueckel 75°).

If Horz and Exum are not identical, then how can the change from the first to the second be rationalized? Resnick proposes that in the earlier books Carter was simply mistaken in thinking Horz to be the Barsoomian Greenwich, but that later, as his knowledge of the planet grew, he began correctly taking Exum as the origin of longitude. ERB himself, in a letter quoted in BB # 14, p. 27, wrote in 1948: "...if the glossary in the back of *THUVIA*, *MAID OF MARS*, named the city of Horz as the Martian Greenwich, that is incorrect. It is really Exum." But note that this was written in 1948; *THUVIA* was published in 1920, and *SYNTHETIC MEN*, the first book to mention Exum as "Greenwich", in 1940. Obviously ERB's recollection had slipped during the interim from 1920 to 1940. Schlutter and I both take the view that Horz was indeed the original and proper "Greenwich" of Barsoom, but that later, at some indefinite time in the past according to Schlutter, and in very recent years in my opinion (specifically, between the events of *SWORDS* and those of *SYNTHETIC MEN*) the origin of longitude was changed to Exum, for reasons best known to the Martians.

I cannot go along with Resnick's hypothesis, because it is not conceivable that Carter could spend ten years on Mars, in his first sojourn there, without learning such a basic geographical fact as the identity of the Barsoomian Greenwich. Moreover, the story of *THUVIA* was presumably in the pile of manuscript which Carter left here after his second return from Mars, midyear in 1898 (see foreword, *GODS*), after he had spent 22 years on Mars. Surely he must have known by then whether Horz or Exum was the origin of longitudes. Hence, if *THUVIA* implies that Horz is the Martian Greenwich, then so it must have been at the time the account was written.

On the same ground, I cannot concur with Resnick's location of Kaol: by the time of the events in *WARLORD*, Carter had lived over 11 years on Mars, and it doesn't make sense that he should misplace the country of Kaol by half a circumference of the planet! And again, *WARLORD* was one of the manuscripts Carter wrote in 1898 after his second return from Mars, so he must have known exactly where Kaol lies relative to Helium.

2. A second source of trouble lies in difficulties over the interpretation of certain stated distances, and properly measuring spherical distances on a flat map. In many places the distances between localities are given in terms of "miles," in others in terms of "haads." This would not be disturbing except for the fact that in constructing a map one must consistently employ either terrestrial or Barsoomian units of distance (preferably the latter), and here we have two possible pitfalls. First, in the famous table on p. 94 of *THUVIA*, ERB gives (incorrectly because of an arithmetical mistake) the length of the haad as 2339 ft. or nearly 0.443 mi., while actually (and as cor-

rectly stated in FIGHTING MAN, p. 41) the haad is 1949 ft. long, or a trifle over 0.369 mi. So the cartographer who uses the conversion 1 haad=0.443 mi., or 1 mile=2.2573 haads, will measure off too small a number of haads between two points whose separation is given in miles. (Incidentally, Irie on his map writes 1000 haads=330 mi., which makes the haad equal to 0.33 mi. or 1712.4 ft. I do not see how he arrives at this figure.) It may be pointed out, by the way, that the haad is a fixed length, since it is defined in terms of the ad (which is 11.694 inches), so it does not change with the latitude of the place where measurements are made. On the other hand, the number of haads in a karad (degree) of longitude does change with latitude, decreasing to zero at the poles. At the equator there are 100 haads to a karad of longitude; at 60° N or S there are only 50 haads to a karad of longitude. In general, the number of haads per karad of longitude is

$$\text{haads} / \text{long.} = 100 \cos \phi,$$

where ϕ is the latitude of the place.

The second pitfall was brought to my attention by Rev. Heins when I chided him about apparently identifying the haad and the mile. In his reply Mr. Heins wrote: "... you seem to take issue with my identifying the haad with the mile, on the basis of the table on page 94 of THULIA. But it definitely states there, 'A haad, or Barscoonian mile...'. I consequently took it for granted that wherever the term 'mile' was used in the Mars books, a 'Barscoonian mile' or haad was being referred to. Thus Sola's statement (PRINCESS, p. 178) that it was 550 miles from Thark to Helium, was interpreted by me as 550 Barscoonian miles (what else?), or 550 haads, or five and a half degrees."

Pastor Heins's point is well taken and clearly shows the need of agreeing on some suitable convention for interpreting the word "mile" whenever we encounter it in the Mars books. Shall we adopt the practice of always taking the word "mile" to mean "Barscoonian mile"—i.e., "haad"? If so, I fear we will run into horrible difficulties. For instance, in LIANA, p. 17, we are told that it is about 5000 "miles" northwest from Helium to Hoz. Everyone seems to agree that Helium is at 30° S latitude; hence if the "mile" is taken to be identical with the haad, then Hoz must be quite near the equator—yet we are told that it is 4000 haads northeast of Gathol, which is itself not further south than the equator nor more than 20° west of Hoz, so at best we could get a little over 2000 haads of distance between Gathol and Hoz. Dussar would lie east rather than southeast of Hoz and practically due north of Helium. Enormous shifts of position would be entailed for other cities. So to my mind it would be improper invariably to interpret the word "mile" as identical in meaning with "haad".

Two alternatives present themselves to my mind. First, when the word "mile" is used by a Martian (e.g. Sola, in the conversation alluded to), it should be understood to mean the Barscoonian mile (haad); in this case it will be necessary to check all references to distances in miles, and note whether the source of our information is a Barscoonian or an earth-man (John Carter or Ulysses Paxton). The second alternative, which I prefer, is to take the word at its face value, i.e., a "mile" is an English mile of 5280 feet. We can justify this on the ground that the stories are related to us by earthmen (Carter, Paxton, Burroughs) who made the necessary conversion from Martian to terrestrial units before passing the accounts on to us, and who, when they say "mile," mean "mile" as we commonly understand the word. (It is, of course, possible that the narrator may sometimes inadvertently say "mile" when he means "haad", and vice versa.) To me this seems by far the least troublesome escape from the difficulty.

There now arises the map-maker's major problem, that of plotting on a flat map the proper positions of

cities scattered over the surface of a sphere, given their correct distances and directions from one or more points which are immediately established on the Mercator chart. If the distances are small and within 15° or so of the equator, one may without intolerable error make measurements directly on the flat chart with an appropriately scaled ruler or a pair of compasses set to a small opening; but as one recedes from the equator this method will introduce ever larger errors because the distance-scale does not remain uniform. As a general method, then, this operation is unusable.

A much better procedure is to mark the known reference points on a globe and then stretch strings in the appropriate directions across the surface of the globe from the initial points to the required distances. I gather that this is essentially what Irie did in constructing his map of Barsoom.

The easiest and most accurate method is simply to calculate, by the standard formulae of spherical trigonometry, the positions of cities from their given distances and directions to points whose coordinates we know, such as Dussar, Aanthor, Zodanga, Gathol, and the two poles. (While we do not know the exact position of Gathol, we can place it within a 10° square having its southern edge on the equator. We will do no great violence to probability by locating the city near the center of this region.) This is the procedure followed in my map in BB # 14.

3. Finally, we often find vagueness, ambiguity, and inconsistency in ERB's statements relating to positions, distances, and directions. Problems arising from these sources are especially nasty, often virtually unresolvable. Thus, Burroughs will at one point speak of a particular city or region as lying in such-and-such a hemisphere, and elsewhere relate this place to known localities in such a way that it cannot be in the hemisphere stated, unless we assume that the meridians dividing the "eastern" and "western" hemispheres do not pass through, or even near, either of the two possible "Greenwiches," Hoz and Exum. On my map, for example, I should have to define the eastern hemisphere as extending from 40° W of Sinus Meridiani to 40° E of Sinus Meridiani, in order to put Helium, Parth and Kaol in the eastern hemisphere, the Tocolian Marshes in the "northeastern hemisphere" (ERB means "quadrant"), and Torquas, Aanthor, Jahar, and U-Gor in the southwestern quadrant. But this puts both Hoz and Exum far inside the western hemisphere. One might argue that even before Hoz there was an earlier "Greenwich" at 40° W of Sinus Meridiani, whose meridian was taken as the dividing-line between eastern and western hemispheres, and that the hemispheres so designated have persisted in common usage to the present day. However, I dislike introducing such arbitrary theories unnecessarily. ERB himself never tells us how the Barscoonians define the terms "eastern" and "western" hemispheres, and I personally feel such references to be so unreliable that I tend to discount them.

Other specific inconsistencies may be cited. For instance, from FIGHTING MAN, p. 42, we gather that Jahar is somewhere near 35° E long. (and I take this as meaning "east of Hoz" because Exum has not yet appeared in the series), but later we are advised that it is northwest of U-Gor, which is virtually due south of Gathol -- and Gathol is at least 10° W of Hoz. Thus Jahar must lie west of the 10th meridian west of Hoz. The easiest way out of such a dilemma is to surmise that ERB did not pay close attention to the directions he was naming, and sometimes wrote "west" when he should properly have said "east," and vice versa. In my article in BB # 14 I mention a similar situation with regard to the direction of Duhor from Helium.

Again, ERB contradicts himself in relating Helium to Zodanga, Hasto to Helium, and Jhama to Jahar. In such cases of mutually contradictory data the cartographer

is compelled to make a clear choice of one alternative or the other, and can guide himself only by asking which of the two appears to fit best with other established information. Van Arnam and Ivie resolve the Helium-Zodanga dilemma by the theory that the Zodanga mentioned in PRINCESS was utterly destroyed by Carter's army of green men, and was later rebuilt at a different location, so that the Zodanga of SWORDS is really a different city entirely. While I am reluctant to accept so drastic a solution, I am quite unable to propose a satisfactory alternative.

Some of the most serious differences among our charts, arising from ERB's carelessness, are those concerning the positions of Thark, Korad, Warhoon, and the Atmosphere Plant. If Thark is somewhere near 75° S as implied in PRINCESS, p. 69, then it lies far inside the Antarctic Circle (which is at 66° S, since the Martian equator is inclined 24° to the plane of the planet's orbit), and must be some 2000 miles from Helium, rather than 500. But if we agree that Helium is at 30° S and 500 miles (1350 haads) from Thark, then even if Thark lay due south of Helium it couldn't be more than 433° south of the equator. Consequently, despite the statement on p. 69 of PRINCESS, Thark must lie much farther north than the 75° S or so at which several cartographers place it. As I point out in BB # 14, the problem of Thark can be resolved very simply by reading "northwest corner" in place of "southwest corner" on p. 69 of PRINCESS; in other words, one may attribute the difficulty to a transcriber's error. But Tharkian territory no doubt extends down to the 80th parallel, as Carter says.

Burroughs is somewhat vague about the location of northern Warhoon relative to Thark, with the result that Rev. Heins places it westward of Thark while the rest of us put it east of Thark. Except Ivie, we agree that the Atmosphere Plant lies a considerable distance N W of Warhoon (Ivie marks it north and very slightly east), but the distance and direction of Zodanga from the Factory appears subject to much uncertainty. However, we do know that it is some 10 or 11 days' walk from one to the other, so there should be at least 300 miles between the two sites.

Another region about which the Barsoom maps tend to differ sharply is the Torquas-Aaanthor-Lothar area. Heins, for instance, puts Lothar over 2000 haads northeasterly of Aaanthor, with U-Gor lying between them, and the city of Torquas some 2500 haads due east of Lothar. Resnick, on the other hand, has Lothar 1200 haads due south of Aaanthor, Torquas (the city) about 500 haads south and slightly east of Aaanthor. Schlutter, Ivie, and I put Lothar northwest of Aaanthor at a relatively short distance as is very clearly indicated in THUVIA, pp. 60-61, 157, but Schlutter places the

city of Torquas considerably northwest of Lothar while Ivie and I put it to the northeast by several thousand haads.

Probably Ivie's map and mine are nearest each other in the relative locations of cities, but there is one great, irreconcilable difference between them. Ivie's map inverts directions; i.e. north and south, east and west are interchanged on his chart. Larry contends that the choice of directions is arbitrary, and that the Martians regard as their North Pole the one which we call their South Pole; but I cannot agree with him. ERB doesn't tell us the Martian names of the four cardinal directions; he uses the words "north," "south," "east," and "west," and since the stories are relayed to us by earthmen we must conclude that these words are used in the same sense as any earthman would use them. Now "east" is understood to mean the direction of the rising sun, and when facing in this direction on the planet's surface, north is to one's left, south to one's right, west at one's back. Thus these directions have very definite, absolute meanings, determined by the planet's rotation on its axis. On Ivie's map, which depicts the actual surface of Mars, the sun travels from left to right, which puts "north" at the bottom of the map, where he places the Valley Dor and the Lost Sea of Korus—but in GODS and WARLORD we are repeatedly told that Dor and Korus are at the south pole of the planet. On my chart, which also shows the actual surface of the planet, the sun moves from right to left, putting "south" at the bottom of the map. (My own chart goes only to 60° N and S, but I hope to supplement it in the not too distant future with charts of the north and south polar regions.) The reversal of directions on Ivie's map is a fundamental error which simply cannot be explained away by arguing that the designation of directions is arbitrary, or by hypothesizing strange optical properties of the artificial Martian atmosphere. (This latter idea when pursued to its logical limit leads to flat contradiction of some of the most fundamental astronomical facts about Mars.) In private communications, Larry claims that only by inverting directions will the pattern of canals on a chart of Mars agree with the data given by Burroughs, but he does not detail the considerations which lead him to this conclusion, and I seriously question that the conclusion is at all valid.

Let me touch on one or two other points concerning these various maps. Only Rev. Heins has been charitable enough to show the city of Korvas, which occurs in "John Carter and the Giant of Mars." The rest of us have flatly refused to accept this story as a legitimate member of the Mars series, for despite the protestations of Ray Palmer (then editor of *Amazing Stories*) that it was written by ERB himself, no real Burroughs fan will be deceived into giving even faint credence to such a statement. I suspect that ERB had sold *Amazing Stories* the right to let someone on their staff do a John Carter story and publish it under Burroughs's by-line (as in the Tarzan "comics," where the story-continuity is supplied by other writers), and apparently the job was entrusted to a small boy having only scanty acquaintance with John Carter and Barsoom. It is just possible that Burroughs had once considered writing a story on the theme of "Giant" and had made a thumbnail outline of the general plot which he submitted to *Amazing*—but the writing is certainly not Burroughs, by any stretch of gullibility.* The lame excuse that "Giant" merely seems not to fit the style of the Mars tales because it is in the third person, is utter nonsense. THUVIA and CHESSMEN are in the third person too, yet no Burroughs reader doubts the authorship of these stories, or suggests for a moment that they do not appear to conform to the rest of the series in atmosphere and narrative style. Therefore, in my judgment the "dead city of Korvas," the "Helium

* (see footnote on page 7)





Forest," the "mountains of Helium," and the "Dead Sea of Korras" (the unknown author evidently had some very fuzzy recollection of the Lost Sea of Korus!) have absolutely no place on any map of Barsoom.

As I have never seen "Skeleton Men of Jupiter," Zor is absent from my map, as are certain other cities (Manatos, Manataj, Kobol, Razar, Exum) for which the data are insufficient to permit probable locations.

Although both Ivie and Resnick show the River Iss traversing the face of Barsoom, we really know nothing about the course of the stream under and outside the southern icecap. At most we can say that it runs not too far from Helium and Thark, for in PRINCESS, p. 285, Tars Tarkas remarks to Sarkoja that "The River Iss is but a short pilgrimage," and in GODS, p. 271, Sola tells of discovering Dejah Thoris trying to steal out of the palace at Helium at night, alone, with the obvious intention of taking the Last Pilgrimage -- which seems to imply that Dejah did not anticipate a lengthy trip to the river's sacred banks.

Naturally, I like to believe that my own map of Barsoom not only has the greatest internal consistency with the information ERB presents, but is also highly plausible in relating his data to the surface features of Mars mapped by astronomers. However, it can stand improvement and correction. I hope to do it over some day, making small shifts in the positions of several cities and including such canals as are significant to the Mars stories. Any suggestions which may be useful to the construction of a completely logical, accurate map of Barsoom, consistent with ERB's areographical data, will be gratefully considered.

FOOTNOTE

I wrote to Burroughs at the time, expressing my incredulity and urging him not to allow hacks to mess around with his ideas. ERB was in Hawaii, and my letter was answered by C. R. Rothmund, who assured me that some readers thought "Giant" to be the best Mars story yet—but carefully avoided the issue of who had written it. I find it distressing that "Giant" will see hard-cover publication, purportedly as a genuine Burroughs work. In my opinion, this sorry effort is best buried and forgotten, or else relegated to its proper place as an apocryphal piece along with some of the Spanish Tarzan books discussed by D. C. Richardson in BB # 5.

Ad-lib: Mr. Brueckel's article was written prior to the discovery that John Coleman Burroughs is the author of JOHN CARTER AND THE GIANT OF MARS (see Gridley/Wave 141). It must be remembered that "GIANT" was originally written for Whitman's Better Little Book series especially for children.

SOLUTION OF THE LIGHTSHIP MURDER by Edgar Rice Burroughs

There were five people aboard the lightship the night of the murder:

Andy MacTeavor
Bill MacTeavor
Carrie MacTeavor
Daniel MacTeavor
Esther MacTeavor

All are related to one another.

Andy's grandmother is on the ship.

Andy being 18 and Carrie 39, Esther must be Andy's grandmother.

Andy's mother is alive; he has only one blood relative ashore, a great aunt; therefore, Carrie and Esther being the only women on the ship and Esther being his grandmother, Carrie must be Andy's mother.

Bill said his father was on watch the night of the murder. Andy being 18 and Bill almost 40, Andy could not be Bill's father; therefore Daniel was Bill's father.

Neither Bill nor Andy has a brother; Bill had no uncle because his father, Daniel, had no brother, Andy had no relatives (except an unmarried great aunt) other than those on the lightship; therefore they cannot be cousins, and as each was an only child they cannot be brothers-in-law. But they are related; therefore they must be father and son - Bill is Andy's father.

So Bill and Carrie, being the father and mother of Andy, are husband and wife.

Daniel being Bill's father must have been Andy's grandfather; therefore Daniel and Esther were husband and wife.

Esther said the murderer had murder in his blood but that there was no criminal strain in her blood nor in the MacTeavor's; therefore the blood strain must have come from Carrie, and as Andy is the only one with her blood in his veins and as Carrie was in her bunk when the murder was committed, Andy must be the murderer.



KORAK - SON OF TARZAN?

by H.W. STARR and JOHN HARWOOD

A number of years ago one of the authors of this essay submitted an article to the BURROUGHS BULLETIN (#6) giving a revised list of dates for the Tarzan series based on the fact that Korak fought in World War I. According to the dates in the books, the son of Tarzan would have been too young to have engaged in combat in the war. Tarzan and Jane were married in 1911 and Korak presumably was born later that year or in 1912. As the war started in 1914, he would have been only two years old at that time. Yet ERB tells us that he was a full grown man at the end of the war when he rescued his parents from the altar of A-lur in the lost land of Pal-ul-don.

At first, the revised list of dates seemed to take care of everything. Then various inconsistencies began to crop up pointing to other facts that were out of line with history.

At this point it might be a good idea to give a condensed list of the dates, both those of ERB and the revised chronology for the benefit of those who missed the original article and the reprint which appeared in the #8 EREBANTA.

ERB		NEW
1888	Tarzan born	1872
1909	Tarzan meets Jane	1893
1910	Tarzan in Wisconsin	1894
1911	Tarzan and Jane married	1895
1912	Korak born (?)	1896
1913	Paulvitch captured by natives	1897
1923	Paulvitch rescued after ten years	1907
	Korak takes to jungle	
1929	Tarzan finds Korak	1913
	World War I begins	1914
	World War I ends	1918
	Korak rescues parents	1919

As you can see from the above chronology, if we follow ERB's dates exactly Korak didn't return from the jungle until 1929—many years after THE SON OF TARZAN was published (ALL-STORY WEEKLY Dec. 4, 1915 - Jan. 8, 1916) and much too late for him to have fought in the first World War. This was the reason for the revised list of dates that appeared with the article, HOW OLD IS TARZAN?

However, difficulties arose over the new chronology. For instance, at the end of TARZAN OF THE APES, everyone seemed to be dashing about Wisconsin in high powered automobiles; a) "...met by Clayton...in a huge touring car belonging to the former, and quickly whirled away..." b) "Canler drew up...in his purring six cylinder." c) "Tarzan in a great black car came careening down the road." All this took place in 1894 when the automobile industry was still in diapers. It might have been barely possible for huge touring cars, six-cylinder motors, and automobiles in which one would willingly take the terrific drive from New York to Wisconsin to be zooming about the Midwest backwoods in 1894, but it does seem a bit unlikely. On the other hand, by 1910 such developments would have been perfectly natural.

Let us consider the possibility that Robert Canler possessed a six-cylinder automobile in the year 1894. According to information to be found in A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AUTOMOBILE by Philip van Doren Stern, the first six-cylinder automobile was manufactured by Ford in 1906. This is one fact that can be used as evidence against the revised chronology. Another is the fact that the same book lists only four automobile registrations in the United States in 1895, a year after the events in the final pages of the first Tarzan book.

Another thing that throws the revised dates off is the

fact that history gives us to 1872 as the year in which Lord Grey-stoke, Tarzan's father, was sent to Southwest Africa to investigate charges of the exploitation of the natives. In 1872 the Dark Continent was still in the exploration stage. Most of the exploitation of the natives occurred after 1885 when King Leopold of Belgium was adding to his personal fortune. This would have been quite a few years after 1872. The date, 1886, would provide a reasonable period of time for the troubles in that part of Africa to come to the ears of the British Government and for them to dispatch a man to investigate the rumors.

Still another thing that would dispel some of the evidence of the revised dates is the condition of the records on which the story was based. The conclusion in HOW OLD IS TARZAN? was that when Burroughs compiled his narrative, he was using as his basis the Grey-stoke diary ("yellow, mildewed pages") and the British Colonial Office records and that he misread 1872 as 1886. This certainly would be possible if Grey-stoke, as many people do, merely scrawled the year on the first page of his diary and afterwards inserted only the month and date for each entry. However, there is one catch to this theory: ERB was also using government records and the British keep such documents in very good shape (and these weren't particularly old—definitely less than fifty years). If the true date were 1872, he would have repeatedly encountered it in the official records, and it is hard to see how, under those circumstances, the most careless man could possibly adhere to a mistaken date based on only one misreading (you can't admit more than one or you will have an incredible coincidence).

TARZAN OF THE APES is the only book in the series that seems to base the dates of the events of his origin and early life upon actual data checked by the author. The acceptance of a series of dates sixteen years earlier means that we must disregard too many episodes that seem to fit the later sequences—for example, Jane's dating of her letter 1909. Another point: Obviously the earliest of the Grey-stoke books are the most authentic in detail.

For a while we considered a rather heretical theory. ERB ran across the records much as he said he did and constructed the first (and probably the second) novel from them. Then he found he had hit a gold mine. The public screamed for more Tarzan, and he was a professional writer. When he could gather scraps of authentic information about Tarzan's adventures, he used them. Otherwise, he simply made up the narratives; thus we came to the shocking conclusion that the later Tarzan tales are largely fiction! On at least one occasion he did talk to Tarzan and collected notes and a rough map (which he admits he has "redrawn") from him, but this supplementary material to TARZAN THE TERRIBLE is almost the only time he makes such a claim. Korak probably never got anywhere near Pal-ul-don. He was probably in London being housebroken by his nanny.

Thus, much as we regretted the fact, we had to conclude that ERB simply altered and invented a tremendous amount of material in the latter books, including practically all the account of Korak. We know that there was a son born to Tarzan and Jane, who was kidnapped by Rokoff and Paulvitch and later returned to his parents. However, if this child was born in 1912, he couldn't very well have been old enough to fight in the first World War.

This could be the solution to the fact that ERB had Korak in the war at such an early age, but we didn't want to think that ERB was making up such an important character in the series.

As all the fans know, the author was careless in regard to detail and didn't hesitate to add details, imagi-

native coloring or make minor changes. Yet we would at least prefer to believe that (although he may have grown progressively more careless) he would hesitate to engage in so major a concoction as a wholly fictitious Korak. So far, we seem to have only two choices: either we completely abandon the information in the best documented book of all, TARZAN OF THE APES, or we completely abandon Korak, the jungle man, the war veteran, and the rescuer of his parents.

We agree that ERB was pretty careless about facts, but if we can prove that he used his imagination freely in matters of moderate importance in THE SON OF TARZAN, we can go a step further. We think we can prove just that. Take the whole business of Michael Sabrov. ERB says he was Paulivitch, but how did he find out? The old man never told anyone that he was Paulivitch. Tarzan did not recognize him, the police investigation of his death apparently failed to identify him. It could have been only a guess. It was an innumerable guess, possibly based on his nationality, the fact that he was found near the mouth of the Ugambi, and his statement to Korak that "You ruined me." Yet ERB relates in great detail his state of mind, his innermost thoughts, and all his plans. If the basic identification is correct, it is likely some such plans and ideas did pass through Sabrov's mind; but ERB could not know. Therefore, when he thought he had the general details right he was perfectly willing to conceive all sorts of appropriate details and present them as facts. Thus, although we may be obligated to accept such major matters as, for example, the general outline of Korak's woodland career, we are not obligated to take literally any such casual details as "two years later," "a few months ago," etc.

Michael Sabrov could be Alexis Paulivitch after a captivity of less than ten years. He may have said ten years to throw Tarzan off the scent if he had heard of the fact and had checked on the dates. On the other hand, he could have been someone else who had lived for ten years as a captive of a cannibal tribe. When he told Korak that his father had ruined him, he might not have been referring to the episode of Jungle Island. The fact that Akut stopped performing on the stage after he had found Tarzan might have had something to do with it. Sabrov had a good thing going with the ape act, which was drawing big crowds and probably was putting money in his pocket. When the ape refused to act, Sabrov, who was mentally unbalanced because of his treatment at the hands of his savage captors, may have held Tarzan responsible for the failure of the act.

If ERB could take a few simple facts and weave a detailed web of action around them, isn't it possible that he may have taken other liberties with other facts?

Here's another detail that seems to prove that Korak couldn't have fought in the war. As you may remember, Barney Guster, the hero of THE MAD KING, left the little kingdom of Lutha and returned after an absence of two years or a little more. Just after he returned, the war broke out. That was in 1911, which means he left Lutha around 1912. During the two years he was away from Lutha, he paid a visit to Tarzan's estate, recorded in THE ETERNAL LOVER. While he was there, the chronicler mentions a couple of times the presence of the baby "Jack." If Korak was just a baby a year or so before the war broke out in 1911, he certainly couldn't have been a veteran who came to the rescue of his parents in Pal-ul-don.

All the foregoing would seem to indicate that we have two choices.

1. We disregard the dates in the earlier Tarzan books which have the backing of dependable records in the British Colonial Office and the evidence of history in the form of the development of the automobile and the situation in the Congo.
2. We abandon the fact that there ever was such a character as Korak and put it all down to ERB's

imagination. We know that the author makes up details about minor items in the stories but would he invent such an important actor in the Tarzan dramas?

So, it would seem that we have to make our choice. Abandon the dates which have history and authentic records to back them up or abandon Korak, who is one of the more important secondary characters in the series. Not a very easy choice, is it?

Well, so much for the tearing down of a theory. Now let us consider whether it is possible for us, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, to accept both existence of Korak and the major dates given in the books.

We cannot alter the dates recorded by ERB. Tarzan was born in 1888 and married in 1911. This means that his son was born in 1912 or perhaps in the latter part of 1911 at the very earliest. If he was born about November of 1911, then he would have been almost three years old when the war started in August of 1914—a rather early age for him to have joined the British Army! Even when the war ended in November of 1918 he would have been seven years old, still too young to have become a soldier. But ERB tells us that even before the war started he had taken to the jungle to follow in Tarzan's footsteps, returned to civilization, and was married. But, surely not at seven years of age? These facts baffled us. We could see no solution.

Then came a startling thought. Korak was the cousin of Tarzan, not his son.

This seemed almost sacrilege—yet it evidently was the only answer. We worked and reworked the idea until we evolved this chronology:

1911
Feb. Tarzan and Jane were married after they had returned from Opar and found the rest of the party from the shipwrecked yacht. The officers and men from the French cruiser were also present, having decided to revisit the scene of their adventures of two years before.

Nov. A son was born to Tarzan and Jane. Because of the dangers and discomforts of the rainy season, which starts in November and lasts until April in that part of Africa, Tarzan brought his family to London.

Dec. Shortly after their return to London, perhaps only a month later, the baby, Jack, was kidnapped and the Jungle Island adventure began.

1912
Feb. The Jungle Island adventure may have occupied a couple of months before Tarzan and Jane returned to London and regained possession of their son. At this point, we think something occurred which ERB quietly suppressed: Little Jack died as a result of his treatment at the hands of his captors and Jane perhaps learned that she was barren.

Mar. We know positively that Tarzan had an uncle and a first cousin (William Cecil Clayton), both dead by the end of THE RETURN OF TARZAN. We are not told that these were his only relatives. William Cecil may have had two or more younger brothers, for ERB tells us that he was the eldest son of Lord Greystoke of England.* If one of his younger brothers was orphaned it would have been natural for Tarzan to adopt him, legally or informally. (The legality of the adoption would hardly matter since the boy would be, as ERB keeps mentioning, "the future

*Jane Porter, in her letter, says that William Cecil Clayton is the only son of Lord Greystoke. She may have been confused.

Lord Greystoke" by mere right of succession.) Also it would be natural for one of his names to be John in memory of his vanished uncle. But why should this be omitted by ERB? Well, the Greystokes in general seem to have been a little touchy on the subject of publicity. Tarzan was "taking special precautions not to permit his name to become connected with the (Sabrov) affair..." It would not have been very pleasant for Tarzan and Jane to realize that a widely selling sensational novel was available at bookstalls which informed the public that Jane was barren and they had had to adopt a child. And by the time ERB was writing THE SON OF TARZAN, he must have known that he was on to a very good thing. Tarzan was the kind of man that things happened to, and with Jane's penchant for getting kidnapped there was a splendid chance that violent times would go right on happening to her husband. If he retained their good will, he might continue to pick up much in the way of fine narrative data from them--in the case of TARZAN THE TERRIBLE, we know he did just that. There was another reason: telling the story of the baby's death and the adoption of a cousin would not improve the novel in the slightest degree; it would simply introduce unnecessary and confusing material. So ERB simply ignored these events and told the story, with some poetic license with the facts, as if the hero were little Jack grown up.

Apr. Sabrov arrived in London with Akut. This almost certainly would preclude the possibility of Sabrov being Paulvitch, but what evidence do we have that Sabrov was Paulvitch? ERB received his information about Tarzan's life and adventures from the apeman himself. In this case, Tarzan didn't recognize Sabrov as anyone he had known previously. Sabrov never mentioned that he was Paulvitch, nor did any police investigations so identify him! ERB may have said that the two men were one and the same just to make the story more dramatic. Another reason to question the identification of Sabrov as Paulvitch may be found in the dates of the stories.

Let's take a look at these dates:

		Mag	Book
1911	Tarzan and Jane married	RETURN 1913	1915
1912	Jungle Island adventure	BEASTS 1911	1916
1923	Sabrov returns after 10 yrs	SON 1915	1917
1923	Korak returns after 6 yrs	SON 1915	1917

As you can see from the above list, THE RETURN OF TARZAN AND THE BEASTS OF TARZAN were written after the adventures occurred, but THE SON OF TARZAN apparently was written long before the action took place. By projecting the time of the action into the future, ERB could not have received his information from Tarzan--or anyone else! Did he juggle the time element because the story was pure fiction or was he trying to conceal something from the readers that the Greystoke's wanted hushed up?

May Shortly after the arrival of Sabrov and Akut in London, the great ape appeared on the stage where he was discovered by Tarzan. This led to Tarzan's revealing to his adopted son the story of his own early life in the jungle. His search for his missing friend over, Akut lost interest in performing to the public. Naturally, the failure of the ape to perform was the end of the act--resulting in Sabrov's bookings

being cancelled and his source of income destroyed. This probably is what Sabrov meant when he told Korak, "Your father ruined me."

Jack and Akut traveled to Africa and disappeared from sight for a period of time.

1913
May

We have given Korak only a year in the jungle. ERB had him stay there for six years. Here, again, a glance at the chronology will show why we don't believe that ERB stuck strictly to the facts. If Jack went into the jungle in 1912 and emerged six years later as Korak, the time would have been 1918, too late for him to have joined the army when the war first started in 1914. For more dramatic effects, the author may have prolonged the time in the jungle. However, there is one place in THE SON OF TARZAN where he may have slipped up. When Tarzan returned home and told Jane that Korak had been found, she told him that she would get his clothes together for Tarzan to take back so that Korak could return dressed as a civilized being. Tarzan told her that his own clothes would be none the larger for the boy. No matter how excited she was, a woman of even the most rudimentary intelligence could not have failed to realize what a vast difference six years would have made in the size of Korak. On the other hand, a single year wouldn't have made very much difference, and she could easily have overlooked the fact that swinging through the trees for a year would have caused him to develop more rapidly than if he had grown up under ordinary circumstances.

A few days after his return from the jungle Korak and Meriem were married, and the family returned to London.

We believe that during the time of Korak's jungle adventures, Tarzan made his visit to Opar as related in TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR. At first we thought this event may have taken place after Korak came out of the jungle. Only a few months elapsed between Korak's homecoming and the start of the war. The Waziri probably could rebuild the bungalow after Achmet Zek's foray in time for the German raid. However, mention is made of a baby grand piano with the dead body of a Waziri warrior draped across it. Surely, lugging baby grand pianos into the interior of savage Africa must be a rather time-consuming operation. We think we may place the time of Tarzan's trip to Opar at the earlier date.

1914
Feb.

Korak's son, Jack, was born. This--not Korak--must have been the baby mentioned in THE ETERNAL LOVER.

Some fans may object to this baby being the son of Korak. Yet if this was Korak's son, who was the Jackie who appeared at the beginning of TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN? This adventure took place in 1922, eight years after the birth of Korak's son in 1914. The baby in that book wouldn't have been still toddling around and starting to put simple sentences together. It is possible that Korak's first son died during the war, either in an air raid or from some wartime disease complicated by the shortage of medical supplies due to the German blockade. As his first son was dead, the second son might be named John to keep the traditional name in the Clayton family. Or could ERB, casual as he was about dates, merely have used up this episode and inserted it to add a pleasing "domestic" touch?

Aug. War was declared, Jane was captured by the Germans, and in London Korak falsified his age (as many British boys did then) and enlisted in the army.

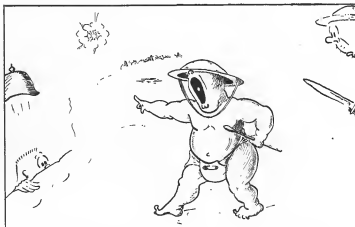
This leads us to the question of Korak's age. How old was he when he joined up and, incidentally, how old was he when Tarzan and Jane adopted him? The age limit for joining the British Army in those days was eighteen. This would have given Korak a birthdate of 1896 (thirteen years before Tarzan and Jane met). Here is another reason for doubting that he was the son of the ape man. Many British boys lied about their ages in order to enlist. He could have passed as eighteen when he was sixteen or seventeen or, if he was large for his age, he might have passed the test as early as fifteen. Indeed, the Greystoke men were all tall and powerfully built so it would not be surprising if he managed to join up when he was only fifteen. If this happened, his birthdate can be advanced to 1879. However, we must remember that at the conclusion of THE SON OF TARZAN, Korak and Meriem were married and fifteen is an early age for matrimony.

We have decided that the baby in THE ETERNAL LOVER must have been Korak's son; since this reference must be to a period early in 1914, just before the war. Korak must have come out of the jungle in 1913 for the baby to have been around in early 1914. Thus, if Korak enlisted in the army at seventeen in 1911, he must have been fifteen years old in 1912 when Tarzan adopted him, so he was probably born about 1896.

1918
Nov. Korak was discharged or given a special leave of absence from the army shortly after the war and started his search for Tarzan and Jane, who had disappeared in Africa during the war.

1919
?? After some months of searching for clues, Korak struck their trail, which led him to Fallowdon, where he arrived in the well-known nick of time.

Here, then, are the conclusions we submit to the analytic reader. Must we amend the dates and find ourselves in conflict with history and all reasonable scholarly procedure? Must we completely abandon Korak, one of the most interesting secondary characters in the Tarzan adventures? Or may we retain both the most authentic of the dates and Korak, but relegate him to the status of a cousin, not a son, of Tarzan? The latter, to us at least, seems the only possible solution to a problem that at one time we believed insoluble. Should we reject it, we can come to only the unthinkable conclusion that the entire Tarzan series is pure fiction!



WHAT IS THE
SECRET OF THE ACORN?
by H. H. Reins

As is fairly well known among Burroughs collectors, the McClurg first edition of TARZAN OF THE APES (June 1911) exists with two different varieties of gold stamping on the spine of the book. What is generally considered to have been the first printing of the first edition is the variety with a large gold acorn on the spine, rising between the "A" and the "C" of the lettering "A. C. McClurg & Co." This imprint is in three lines, with "McClurg" by itself in the middle.

Most existing copies of the McClurg first edition of TA, however, do not have the acorn on the spine, and the publisher's name appears in the simpler two-line style (A. C. McClurg / & Co.) which was repeated on almost all the later Burroughs titles which they published. (Ad-lib: The only two exceptions are THE WARLORD OF MARS and JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN.) Furthermore, no other ERE title has ever been reported bearing an acorn on the spine.

The acorn was the colophon (emblem) of the McClurg publishing firm, and it appears on either the title page or the copyright page of most of their books.

I had thought that perhaps it might also have been used on the spine of their pre-1911 output, and that, by some quirk of fate, this practice might have been discontinued by McClurg just after TARZAN OF THE APES first appeared. This would have explained why later printings of TA, and all subsequent titles, do not have the acorn on the spine. But, alas, such an hypothesis does not hold water.

In visiting the second-hand bookshops lately, I have been making a special point of going from one shelf to another, running my eye along the bottom edge of every book in order to pick out anything and everything published by McClurg. I have spent several hours in the stacks of the New York State Library, doing the same thing. In the process, I have learned that McClurg in its heyday published a sizable amount of both fiction and non-fiction (including over fifty non-Burroughs titles that were illustrated by J. Allen St. John). The printing run of these editions, however, seems to have been relatively small; "McClurg" is a rather uncommon name on the spines of books in the shops and libraries. (Ad-lib: This is not the case in the Midwest and South. I seldom visit a used bookshop in these areas without seeing McClurg editions, and I always purchase those which contain illustrations by St. John, N. C. Wyeth, Schoonover, Allen True, and the Kinneys. Perhaps the reason these are more readily obtainable here than in the east is due to the fact that McClurg published in Chicago.)

Anyway, I have recently found and inspected a fairly representative number (perhaps thirty or forty) of non-Burroughs titles published by McClurg from the 1890's through the early 1930's, both fiction and non-fiction.

I was looking all the time for other McClurg books with the acorn on the spine — and I found not a single one. Before the 1911 TARZAN, the McClurg spine imprint was pretty much the same as it was after. For instance, I bought a nice copy of "The Hoosier Volunteer" by Kate and Virgil D. Boyles, illustrated by the Kinneys. This was published by McClurg in March 1914, just three months before TARZAN OF THE APES. The format of this book is very similar to the first edition of TARZAN, even to the "W. F. Hall" imprint in Old English type at the bottom of the copyright page. The book is bound in the same handsome dark red cloth. The dust jacket is an attractive wraparound picture of a type resembling the Artig jacket for TA. But the publisher's name on the spine of the book has no acorn, just the standard two-line "A. C. McClurg / & Co."

Was that acorn ever used on any book's spine, outside

(continued on page 27)

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, INC.

TARZANA
RESEDA, CALIFORNIA

TELEPHONE OWENSMOUTH 220

TELEGRAPH (WESTERN UNION)
OWENSMOUTH, CALIFORNIA
CABLE: BURROUGHS,
OWENSMOUTH, CALIFORNIA
EXPRESS:
OWENSMOUTH, CALIFORNIA

December 13, 1929

br

PLEASE ADDRESS BUSINESS
COMMUNICATIONS TO THE COMPANY

Mr. George V. Lehmann, Jr.,
401 - 14th Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Mr. Lehmann:

I enjoyed your letter of December 9th and thank you for your criticisms of *THE OUTLAW OF TORN* and *AT THE EARTH'S CORE*. The chances are, however, that very few readers noted these errors and inconsistencies, and then you will have to admit that a writer of highly imaginative fiction is often times compelled to take liberties that a historian or a scientist would not dare take.

I recall that at the time I wrote *AT THE EARTH'S CORE* I appreciated the importance of the matter to which you call attention, but it has been so many years since I wrote the story that I have forgotten how I worked this out.

I note your interesting suggestion relative to *Kar Komak*. I should like to write such a story, but, of course, to some extent, my subjects depend upon my publishers.

I had considered a story about *Vemus* and the chances are that I shall get around to it some day.

The illustration of my books is a matter that rests entirely with my publishers. Mr. St. John is a Chicago man and while A. C. McClurg & Company were publishing my novels, he illustrated practically all of them, but now that my books are being published in New York it is undoubtedly more practical for my new publishers to employ a New York artist.

Mr. St. John, of course, is not employed by anyone and if your friend wishes any of his work, he may, with perfect propriety, take the matter up directly with Mr. St. John, whose address is 3 East Ontario Street, Chicago.

Relative to the number of my novels, of which there are thirty-one. This does not include *THE TARZAN TWINS* or *THE ILLUSTRATED TARZAN BOOK #1*, which I do not consider in my list of novels.

Again thanking you for your letter, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Edgar Rice Burroughs

Edgar Rice Burroughs
Tarzana, California

May 24, 1948

Mr. S. N. Schallert,
The Grand Hotel,
Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

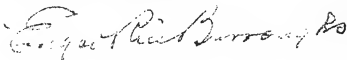
Dear Mr. Schallert:

I have to thank you for your letter of
May 20 and the enclosed article from the
January, 1948, Amazing Stories.

I can see possibilities for a very
interesting story; but in my present state
of health, I do not feel able to attempt it.

Again let me thank you for thinking of
me in this connection.

Yours very sincerely,



ERB/mb

Editor's Note: These two letters from Edgar Rice Burroughs are the first of a series of letters from ERB to Burroughs Bibliophiles which will be reproduced in future issues of the BB. Mr. Schallert had suggested that ERB write a story based on the AMAZING STORIES article about a "monster" in the South American jungles. Any of the BB's who have letters from ERB which they would like to share with other BB's in this manner are invited to send them to the editor. Please be sure to send them by first class or insured mail. They will be returned promptly.

Tarzan

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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TARZAN AND THE FOX



A HUNTING PARTY HAD GATHERED AT THE GREYSTOKE ESTATE IN ENGLAND, AND NOW THEY WERE WAITING FOR THEIR HOST TO START.



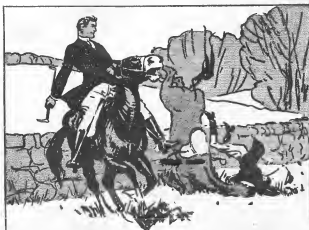
"YOU LOOK MARVELOUS, JOHN!" SAID LADY GREYSTOKE WHEN HER HUSBAND FINALLY APPEARED IN THE HUNTING CLOTHES THAT SHE HAD PERSUADED HIM TO BUY. "I FEEL SILLY," HE SAID. "TO THINK THAT I, TARZAN OF THE APES....."



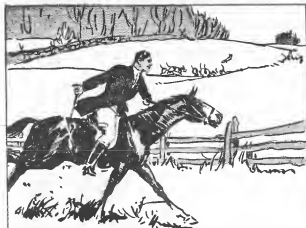
"YOU ARE TARZAN NO LONGER," SHE REMINDED HIM. "YOU HAVE COME INTO YOUR BIRTHRIGHT AS LORD GREYSTOKE. FOR MY SAKE, JOHN...." AND SHE STOPPED HIS PROTEST WITH A KISS.



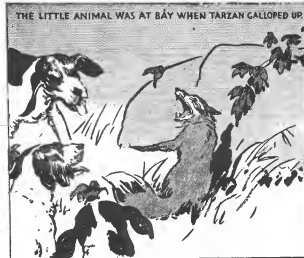
FOR THE SAKE OF THE WIFE HE LOVED, TARZAN HAD BEEN TRYING TO ADAPT HIMSELF TO THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, BUT, NOW THAT HE WAS OFF ON THE HUNT, SOMETHING OF THE EXHILARATION OF HIS JUNGLE DAYS SWEPT THROUGH HIM.



EVEN AT THEIR OWN SPORTS TARZAN EXCELLED THE PRODUCTS OF AN EFFETE CIVILIZATION.



LEADING THE FIELD, TARZAN AT LAST SIGHTED THE FOX ON THE DISTANT HORIZON WITH THE PACK OF HOUNDS IN FULL CRY AFTER HIM.



THE LITTLE ANIMAL WAS AT BAY WHEN TARZAN GALLOPED UP.



BUT TARZAN WAS NO "SPORTSMAN"; HE KILLED IN THE JUNGLE FOR MEAT OR TO SAVE A LIFE. WHEN HE SAW THE LITTLE HUNTED FOX, HE FELT CLOSER TO HIM THAN TO THE HUNTERS WITH WHOM HE HAD GONE HUNTING.



TO THE FOX HE TALKED, USING THE LANGUAGE OF THE APES. THE FOX DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE WORDS; BUT HE UNDERSTOOD THAT TARZAN WAS HIS FRIEND, AND GRADUALLY THE LITTLE, FRIGHTENED, HUNTED THING SOUGHT THE SHELTER OF THE APE-MAN'S ARMS.



AS OTHER HUNTERS ARRIVED, TARZAN TURNED ON THEM FIERCELY, GROWLING LIKE A BEAST HIMSELF "THE HUNT IS OFF!" HE SAID. "THE FOX IS MY LITTLE BROTHER"



IT WAS INCIDENTS LIKE THIS THAT MADE LADY GREYSTOKE REALIZE THAT TARZAN BELONGED IN AFRICA.....FREE ONCE MORE TO INDULGE THE WILD JOY OF LIFE WITH HIS BROTHERS, THE APES.

1-3

NEXT

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**THE DANCE
OF VICTORY**



BIBLIOPHILE Wm. "Bill" Ford

My acquaintance with Tarzan began shortly after the first World War when I was given a copy of *TARZAN OF THE APES*. I read and re-read it until it fell to pieces and I became a Tarzan addict for good.

Up till that time, my friends and I went to the cinema "children's matinees" at the admission fee of one penny, and our games consisted of our versions of Eddie Polo in "The Broken Coin" and "The Clutching Hand" with Craig Kennedy.

Some time in the 20's I saw at the movies the original screen Tarzan, Elmo Lincoln, also Frank Merrill and Herman Brix in later portrayals of the ape-man.

All this was eclipsed when I got *A PRINCESS OF MARS*. Here was my kind of story. I had never read anything to compare with it and it made me an ERB fan for life and since then I have compared other stories I have read with it, to no avail, *A PRINCESS OF MARS* is, like Dejah Thoris, incomparable. I nearly went mad searching for *GODS OF MARS* to see how John Carter saved Barsom, with a repeat performance of anxiety until I got *WARLORD* and could breathe again as Carter finally "got the girl."

Through the years 1926-1939 I read some ERB stories in *AMAZING*, *ARGOSY* and *BLUE BOOK* which were on sale in the U.K. at 6 pence each.

These were lean years for me with periods of unemployment. I remember reading parts 1 & 2 of *LAND THAT TIME FORGOT* in *AMAZING* in 1927

and then finishing the story over thirty years later when I came across a hard cover copy.

From 1939 to 1945 I served in the Royal Air Force and had a "free?" trip to Egypt and Iraq. After this I became an ambulance driver, a job I still do.

In 1959 it happened: I saw a letter from Vern Coriell in an SF magazine inviting interested persons to write for a specimen copy of the Burroughs Bulletin. I received #10 and the flame that had been flickering for forty years burst into a brush fire. Realizing what I had missed, I began a frantic search for ERB material. After seven years I have a good collection (I think) of hard cover books, some English firsts, many *AMAZING*, *ARGOSY*, *BLUE BOOK* serials and my prize item, two parts of *LAD & LION* in *ALL STORY* mags. All of the English p/bks with complete Ace and Ballantine p/bks.

The only story I have not read by ERB is *DEPUTY SHERIFF*. I have, so far, been unable to get a copy. I also have an almost complete collection of the English *TARZAN* comics.

I now spend my spare time trying to get any other ERB material I can locate in England. It is much harder than getting the same items in U.S. editions.

Finally I would like to express my sincere appreciation to Vern Coriell for his unselfish and continued work to keep alive the magic of ERB, a work which has now begun to bear fruit.

JETSAM



WILLIAM GILMOUR

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEFF JONES



JETSAM

BY WILLIAM GILMOUR

We were three days out of Durban when we were beset by a violent storm while rounding The Cape of Good Hope.

I had taken passage aboard the pleasure yacht, FORTUNA, on a cruise that would circumnavigate the Dark Continent, and, until the present, the weather had been pleasant. I hadn't expected the trip to be all "peaches and cream", however, so I wasn't altogether surprised when I awoke on the third morning to find that the staunch little craft was pitching and rolling in a heavy sea. The storm grew steadily worse; so bad, in fact, that the captain ordered all passengers to remain below decks; nor would he permit any of us topside until the storm's fury had abated. We took three days of merciless pounding by the mountainous seas, but, eventually, the storm blew itself out, and the sea was calm again.

After being rather cramped from the confinement below, I lost no time in getting to the deck, whereupon I soon discovered that we had been blown a considerable distance from our projected course; so much, in fact, that we were close to the British Crown Colony of St. Helena. I subsequently learned that the ship had sustained some minor damage, and that the captain had ordered her into the island for repairs.

We docked at James Town, the island's only port, and aside from the fact that this remote spot on the globe was the place of Napoleon's incarceration and eventual death, there was little to be of interest otherwise. Most of the passengers proceeded to the site of the Little Corporal's imprisonment, but, not being remotely interested in this particular phase of world history, I knew I'd be wasting my time by accompanying them. But with a population of less than two thousand, James Town offered me little other choice of entertainment, so, after an hour's browsing through quaint little streets, I found myself wandering



along the rock-bound coast to the north of the town's outskirts.

For some time I strolled leisurely northward, stopping intermittently to watch the breakers pounding the reefs off shore, when I saw what looked like a silver coin lying in the sand and gravel before me. As I stooped to pick it up, I saw that it was no coin at all, but seemed to be the top of some kind of metal container. Clearing away enough of the sand and gravel to allow me to grip it firmly, I pulled upward and extracted a water canteen similar to those issued by the United States Army.

Perhaps it was lost by campers, I thought; or possibly, it may have washed ashore from the bosom of the broad Atlantic. Who was to say? I shook it slightly, and was mildly surprised to hear a faint rustling sound coming from its interior. I unscrewed the cap, and, holding the canteen so that the sun shone directly into the neck's opening, I saw what appeared to be a number of small sheets of paper rolled together. After a great deal of maneuvering, I worked the papers into a position where I was able to grasp them with my forefinger, and slowly I pulled them out.

There were about a dozen sheets of notebook paper rolled together, and I saw that each was filled with penciled writing, in English, and, by all appearances, hurriedly written.

I shall set down the narrative, exactly as it was penciled. Any opinions or impressions derived from it will have to be your own. I decline to comment on it in any manner, for I have long since learned to retain any self-construed conclusions deduced from unsubstantiated evidence. However, it would be well to remember that the mighty Congo, which drains most of Central Africa, empties its waters into the Atlantic some fifteen hundred miles to the east of St. Helena.

* * * * *

When you read these words I shall be dead. Who I am, or where I came from, is not important, for, as far as I know, my name and social standing have no significance to anyone. Only the fact that I'm here is important—here in an uncharted wilderness, sitting before a small wood-fire from the light of which I can barely see to scribble these words. Beyond my fire is a sluggish stream, flowing slowly to who knows where; and I'm surrounded by eyes—a hundred cruel and savage eyes set in fifty frightful faces. My only wish is that they will delay the inevitable long enough to permit me to pencil this narrative.

I have no hope of escaping them. Neither have I any delusions of being succored in any one of an infinite number of last-minute methods which has been so much the part of my curriculum. For I am a confirmed bibliophile—an armchair adventurer who hadn't the mentality to distinguish fact from fiction—a presumptuous fool who set out to discover an entity whose only real existence was in the mind of the author who conceived it.

Although an unsatiable appetite for good literature can be ascribed as being the source of my present dilemma, I can hardly hold this attribute to be responsible for it. The blame unquestionably lies in a stubborn will, surmounted by an utterly romantic imagination—to say nothing of the fact that I have undoubtedly been endowed with the ultimate in one-track minds.

For more years than I'd care to count, I have delved into untold adventures materialized in my mind's eye from the pages of a book. Figuratively, I have eaten up these pages, particularly those which dwell upon ancient civilizations which somehow had been by-passed by the changing sands of time, and still exist today in all the crowning glory of a long dead past. Haggard and Mundy are prime favorites in this field, and it has long been my contention that these two, as well as several other fine authors, must have had a much more concrete ingredient immersed in their imaginations in order to describe certain civilizations about which they wrote; that the words for these descriptions were derived from well-founded facts rather than paradoxical legend; that these civilizations are in actual existence precisely



as they have been described. And I set out to prove it. Not to any man, but to myself, for I was thoroughly convinced that I could find a certain civilization I had read about, which flourished in the heart of Africa.

It seems as though I have given the impression that I'm the perfect pushover. Far be it from me to believe everything I read. Heaven forbid! When I was a boy I can recall reading about that unique character called Tarzan, (the author's name escapes me) who was in and out of antiquated cities most of his fictional career, but never did my boyish mind nurture the thought that such a man and the impossibilities connected with him were anything other than pure, preconceived fable.

But I'm dwelling too long on preliminaries. I must hurry, for those—those things beyond the firelight are becoming restless. The eyes are moving about, and I'm sure that it's only a matter of time before they shall converge upon me.

I arrived in Mombassa—how long ago, I do not know, for I have long since lost all cognizance of passing time. In that city, I outfitted myself with what I would need for an indefinite stay in the interior, and I was in high spirits as I went about my business. My foolish pride prevented me from disclosing the true nature of my journey, and I received permission to enter the interior as a common sight-seer with no fixed purpose in mind. My meager supply of funds prohibited the hiring of a guide, so, after procuring a number of large scale maps of Eastern and Central Africa, I set out alone.

I will not bore you with the details of that part of the trek which led me far into the interior. Suffice it to say that I encountered very little incident worthy of mention. The country teemed with game, consequently, meat roasted on a spit, over the flames of an open fire, became an ample part of my diet. As I progressed further, other wild life was more conspicuous. Huge, hulking forms of elephants lumbered slowly across the open plain. Great cats, tawny and sleek, slunk warily through the tall grasses, stalking the herds of zebra and antelope. Needless to say, I kept my distance.

The further I went, the more wild and hazardous the country became, and it wasn't long before I realized that I was rapidly becoming lost. I could not pinpoint any spot on my maps which would correspond with where I thought I was. To make matters worse, I had carelessly dropped my compass into a rushing stream where it was swept away, and I found myself solely dependent upon the sun for my sense of direction. Misfortune seemed to follow me when, shortly thereafter, the sky which had been prominently cloudless, became heavily overcast and, although no precipitation resulted, it remained in this state for more than a week. When the sun eventually emerged, I might just as well have been on the moon, for all the good that it did. I was completely and hopelessly lost.

I think that it was at this point that I realized I was looking for something which had no real existence at all, and that I was a great fool. Feeling extremely mortified and not a little panic stricken, I decided that upon the morrow I would quit this foolishness and beat it back to the coast.

I spent an anxious night, my thoughts dwelling mostly upon the quandary into which my nonsensical infatuations had led me, and as soon as the sun had poked itself above the horizon, I struck out in that direction with the hope that I'd eventually arrive back in Mombassa if I kept moving east. But I must have come further into the interior than I had realized—much further. Nowhere could I find any familiar places which I

had remembered passing. I found myself plodding through virtually impassable growths of forest, circling the slopes of unscalable mountains, wandering into barren canyons; and then more jungle—steaming, tangled, insect-infested jungle, which blotted out the sun, paralyzing my waning sense of direction.

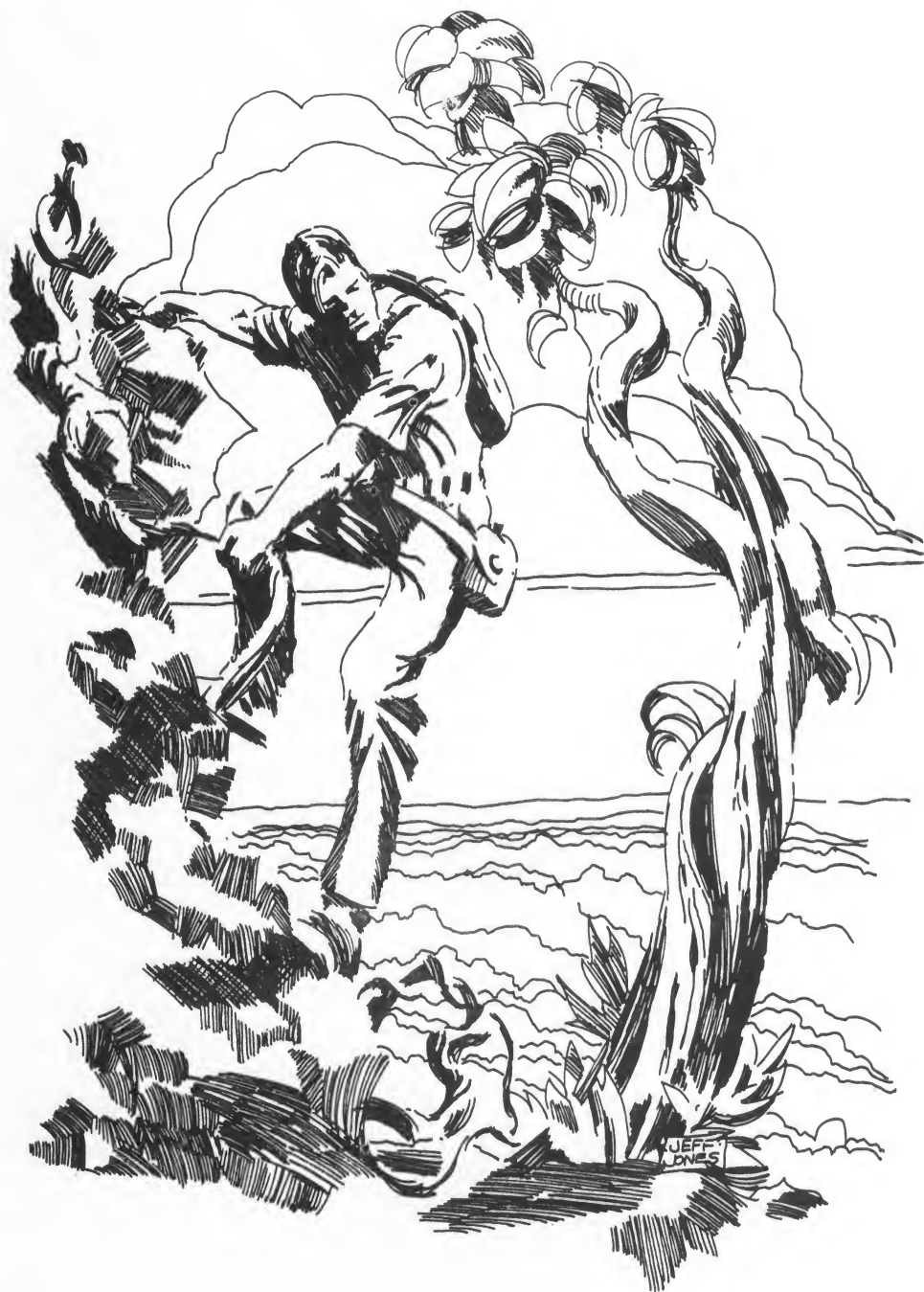
Panic mounted steadily within me as the immensity of my plight impinged upon my consciousness, and I plunged onward, to the east, or to the north, or south, or west. I did not know; nor did I seem to care. All I knew was that I must keep moving, or I'd go mad.



I had wandered rather aimlessly for what must have been weeks, when I found myself engulfed in the confines of the most impenetrable forest I had yet encountered. For countless days, I forced my way through and around its tangled mazes, and finally emerged upon the lower slopes of a great mountain range stretching far to right and left. Progress upward was comparatively simple, but as I neared the summit, I was confronted by a barrier of almost perpendicular crags which, at first glance, seemed to be unscalable. Probing along the base for some distance, I eventually discovered a place where ascent would be possible, and for several hours I climbed carefully, lest a slip of the foot sent me hurtling to death on the rocks below. Finally, I scrambled over the top of the last segment of cliff and stood upon the flat surface of the mountain-top. To right and left towered mighty peaks, thousands of feet higher than the valley before me—a desolate valley, shallow, narrow, and dotted with stunted trees and great boulders. Far out across the valley I saw what appeared to be a mighty city, with great walls, lofty spires, turrets, minarets and domes glowing bright in the sunlight. I thought I had taken leave of my senses, and I rubbed my eyes vigorously, thinking that the vision before me would disappear—that this, doubtless, was an illusion of my overstrained mind! I looked again and it was still there. The city was real!

As quickly as my tired bones permitted, I made my way downward into the valley. It had grown quite dark in my progress, and as I reached the floor below, nightfall had descended and I was forced to postpone till morning the long journey across the valley which would terminate at the city ahead.

I made no fire that night. I must be cautious, I thought; and for a long time I lay awake, pondering the situation into which I had blundered. Could the city lying before me possibly be the one containing the civilization which I had come to Africa to find? Had my convictions been justified after all? I had no way of knowing, so, with my stunned brain reeling from a dozen unanswerable questions, I fell into fitful slumber. Once during the night, I thought I heard a shrill



scream, long and drawn, and very faint, floating across the valley from the direction of the city ahead, but as it wasn't repeated, I attributed it to my overwrought nerves, and reasoned I had been mistaken.

With the first rays of the morning sun I was plodding across the barren plain toward the city. As I approached the great wall, I saw that it was conspicuously marked with ruin, as were the buildings beyond. The wall was some fifty feet in height in places where it had not fallen to ruin, but it still presented a most formidable barrier for nowhere had more than ten or twenty feet of the upper portion fallen away.

I advanced to the base of the wall, and after searching along its face for some distance, I discovered a narrow cleft some twenty inches wide beyond which was a flight of concrete steps. Squeezing into the passageway, I mounted the steps to where they turned sharply and suddenly ended on a level pathway which wound and twisted and terminated at a narrow court beyond which was another wall equally as high as the outer one. This inner wall was in a much better state of preservation than the outer, but at various places it also showed signs of decay. It was set with little round towers alternating along its summit with pointed monoliths, some of which had fallen and were ruined.

In the inner wall was another narrow passage, and rather cautiously I crossed the court and passed into it to emerge moments later upon a broad avenue, on the other side of which crum-

bling edifices loomed dark and forbidding. Trees had grown upon the debris, and vines wound in and out of the hollow, staring windows. Directly opposite me was a massive building with an enormous dome, and this building was in much better condition than the others. Upon either side of its entrance stood a number of rows of tall pillars, each of which was surmounted by a huge, grotesque bird carved from solid rock. Seemingly coming from the interior of this building was the chanting of many voices in unison, the sing-song tones rising and falling with regular consistency.

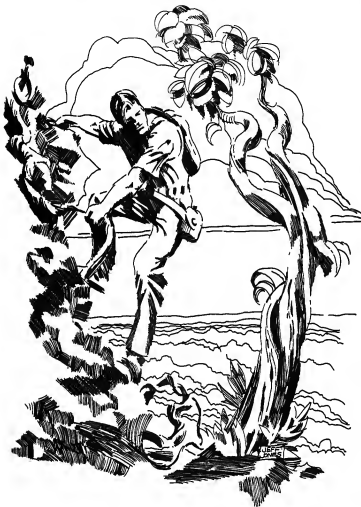
Immediately I was alert! Common sense told me not to blunder into something of which I could not know the meaning. Crossing the avenue, I moved into a narrow passageway which separated the huge building from the one lying adjacent, and I made my way between the walls to emerge shortly upon an alleyway which ran parallel with the broad avenue and fronted the rear-most portion of the huge building. Peering into a small entrance situated at the building's nearest corner, I saw a flight of steps which led upward and terminated at an open doorway far above. Quickly I mounted the steps and found myself in a darkened chamber at the opposite side of which were several window apertures interspaced evenly for the full width of the room. On tip-toes I crossed to the nearest window and looked down upon what was obviously the main floor of the building, and the sight which met my eyes froze the very blood within my veins.

Grouped in a congested mass in a great chamber below were scores of hideous man-like creatures, all of whom were chanting in the sing-song tones I had heard. They were horrible beyond conception. All were short and stocky, with long beards falling down upon their hairy breasts. Thick, matted hair grew upon their heads and low over receding brows, and hung about their shoulders and upon their backs. They stood on crooked legs, short and heavy, and their arms were long and muscular. Skins of lions and of leopards wound about their loins, and necklaces of the claws of these animals depended upon their breasts. Encircling their arms and legs were massive bracelets of what looked like pure gold; and each of the creatures had a heavy, knotted club grasped in a large, hairy hand. Inserted in a belt which supported their loin-cloths, each had a long, wicked-looking knife. Despite their receding foreheads, close-set eyes, and yellow fangs, the thing that crowned their hideous features was the fact that they all had white skins!

Directly below me and on each side, encircling the entire chamber from the floor to the top of the building, was a series of galleries from which many others were observing the proceedings, but it was too dim for me to see their features, although I had no doubt that they were equally as hideous as their fellows on the floor below.

But that was not all! Standing before an altar in the center of the chamber was the most beautiful white woman my eyes had ever looked upon. She wore a single leopard skin, supported by a close-fitting girdle of golden rings set in strange designs made by innumerable small diamonds. Her arms and legs were all but concealed by massive, bejeweled ornaments. Her hair was encrusted with many circular pieces of gold ingeniously held together to form a metal cap from which depended, at each side of her head, long strings of oval pieces falling to her waist. Wholly unlike the hideous masses before her, the girl was graced with a perfect figure, large, soft, black eyes, and smooth, gleaming skin.

Lying supine upon the altar was another girl, comely and symmetrically proportioned, but not



⁶FOR SEVERAL HOURS I CLIMBED CAREFULLY, LEST A SLIP OF THE FOOT SEND ME HURLING TO DEATH ON THE ROCKS BELOW. 4)



nearly as beautiful as she who stood adjacent. The latter turned her eyes toward the dome above, and her right arm slowly moved upward. It was then that I noticed that she held a long, slim dagger between her clenched fingers. From a small hole in the dome far overhead the sun shone its rays downward, falling upon the first row of hideous men before the altar. Slowly the sun climbed higher, and the rays moved forward until they bathed the altar in their light. A number of other females, each bearing two golden cups, emerged from a doorway in the chamber, and they formed into a line along one side of the altar. The chanting grew to a deafening pitch. It sounded like "Tra-la-la-la" or "La-la-la-la" was intermingled many times with the somewhat guttural wording of the chant.

As the sun's rays shone full upon the girl on the altar, the chanting suddenly stopped; and the knife fell, burying itself in the heart of the victim. The females quickly brought their golden cups to bear, and each cup caught a portion of the life's blood of the girl which flowed freely from her breast.

My benumbed senses fought an overwhelming desire to cry out as I realized that this was the temple of a cult of sun worshippers, and I was witnessing a sacrifice in accordance with their pagan beliefs. As I continued to watch, the hideous men formed into lines and each in turn drank a portion of the blood offered to them by the maidens who held the cups.

My horrified faculties could no longer stand the strain upon them, and I voiced a single piercing shriek which resounded throughout the now hushed temple like the toll of a bell. As I saw the faces below turn upward, the gravity of my act dawned upon me and I snapped to instant action. I ran quickly from the room, bolted down the steps and into the passageway leading up the side of the temple and out upon the broad avenue. A quick glance across my shoulder revealed the forefront of the hideous horde emerging from the temple entrance, and, as they espied me, they emitted loud cries and gave chase.

I sprinted into the passage in the wall, crossed the courtyard, and ran into the winding pathway which led to the outer wall of the city. As I emerged from the cleft in the outer wall, I ran as I had never run before. Fear, engendered by the sight I had seen, and which was now greatly enhanced by the bloodthirsty cries from behind, lent wings to my feet as I sped across the barren plain.

I rapidly outdistanced my pursuers, who, on their short, crooked legs, undoubtedly left much to be desired in their speed. Soon, their cries became fainter and fainter, and only when I was sure that they were far behind did I stop to rest—but not for long. As soon as I had caught my wind, I was off and running again; nor did I stop until I had surmounted the summit of the mesa overlooking the gruesome valley behind me. When I had rested, I descended the escarpment as rapidly as possible and plunged into the wooded region beyond. It was nightfall before I paused again to catch my breath; and deep in the forest I lay panting from the exertions of the day. I was shaking like a leaf, but I had escaped the creatures. In utter exhaustion I fell asleep.

It seemed as though I had but closed my eyes when I was awakened by the sound of stealthy movement in the undergrowth behind me. I sat bolt upright and peered intently into the pitch blackness of the foliage, but I could see nothing. As suddenly as I had heard it the sound had stopped, and for a few moments I sat thus, straining my eyes and ears. Then I heard it again—a faint



"HER ARM MOVED SLOWLY UPWARD. IT WAS THEN THAT I NOTICED THAT SHE HELD A LONG, SLIM DAGGER BETWEEN HER CLENCHED FINGERS."

rustling in the brush, and this time it was accompanied by low whispers—whispers in the same guttural tones I had heard coming from the throats of the creatures in the temple! Instantly I realized that they had followed and were right behind me! Leaping to my feet, I dived headlong into the brush opposite the spot from where the sounds emanated, and, clawing and tearing at the entangled verdure, I plunged wildly through the forest.

Morning found me a miserable, hollow-eyed wretch, stumbling and sprawling, endeavoring to put as much distance possible between myself and those hideous things behind me. I staggered on until sheer exhaustion compelled me to stop and rest, and I slept in fitful dozes, only to awake and find that the creatures were still in close pursuit.

I have no idea how far I traveled from the base of the crags which bar the approaches to that barren valley and its city of horrors. The jungle seems to have no ending. Possibly I ran in circles, for I have no way of knowing. All that I did know was that I must keep ahead of those awful men. But it was all so useless. I know that I cannot escape them, for I cannot escape this terrible forest!

Tonight I have stopped running, for I am too fatigued to continue; and in utter disregard of the creatures who pursue me, I have built a fire by which to see to write these words. I haven't the slightest conception of where I am. That I'm still in Kenya would be but a hazardous guess. Possibly I have come many further to the south and am in the Tanganyika Territory; or maybe I have made a direct sweep to the west, and am in





"I CANNOT ESCAPE THEM, FOR I
CANNOT ESCAPE THIS TERRIBLE FOREST!"

the Congo. Maybe I'm dead and in Hell. Whatever the case, the latter seems the most likely.

I am nearly through. In a few minutes I shall insert these pages into the canteen which I carry in the case on my belt. I shall then cast it into the stream before me, with the hope that it will eventually be carried into the Congo River, or the Zambezi, or into some other large stream flowing to civilization.

Those eyes around me are real, horribly real. Those hideous bodies are real, far too real for my humble creative ability to have fabricated to form the basis for a practical joke. Believe me, what I have set down in this narrative is no practical joke! And, too, those creatures are far too real and hideous for any author of books to have seen in his imagination and have written about. No one could possibly conceive of creatures so horrible! And their beautiful female counterparts—! I find myself retching at the very thought!

With these last words I must say that, impossible as it seems, I somehow have a vague impression of having seen it all before. Somewhere in the furthestmost recess of my mind there exists the latent picture of crooked little men—hideous, bloodthirsty, little men—and beautiful women. That it was part of a forgotten novel that I once read in the past may be the answer; or the answer may lie in the possibility that I was once a part of it all in a former incarnation; or, as I've said, I'm already dead, and, as a means of purgatorial chastisement, I'm again passing through the events which ultimately led to my departure from the world of the living. I do not know, but, with what I have seen, I can believe that anything is possible.

I shall now roll up these pages and put them into the canteen, for I see that the creatures are moving toward me. The first of them has just stepped into the firelight.

BIFF! BAM! ALA SHA-ZAM!

I must say that Sam Peeples' article "The Day of the Debunker" is a bitter disappointment to me. I knew that he was writing about "Gulliver of Mars," originally titled "Lt. Gullivar Jones, His Vacation" (note that spelling...both the Ace edition and the BB article have it wrong).

...and I knew that he was going to disagree with my introduction in the Ace edition: Hully Burroughs told me as long ago as August 1964 that Sam was very upset about the introduction.

But I expected to find a rebuttal of a scholarly nature. Certainly Sam shows in his article that he is interested in the science-fiction field from a scholarly and historical viewpoint.

But the article itself seems to be mainly an emotional ad hominum attack on me. It is also inaccurate in a number of significant points, such as how long and how much science fiction I have read, how long I've been reading Burroughs (but Sam does not try to roast me on how much Burroughs I've read, perhaps because I've read more than he has), etc.

I'd better stop here, before I go into a thorough rebuttal (or counter rebuttal) of Sam's curious attempt to attack me, both by frontal assault and by a strange sort of guilt-by-association. (E.g., Sam seems to feel that Dick Lupoff is a bad fellow because Ace Books did not pay royalties for "Gullivar Jones" to Edwin Lester Arnold, who died in 1935, and whose works are all in public domain. Well, if Sam thinks that Ace Books should pay royalties to the descendants of ELA, perhaps he should take that up with A. A. Wyn, who owns Ace Books. Dick Lupoff is just the fellow who brought "Gullivar Jones" to the attention of Don Wollheim. Wyn's editor, who is a bit of an authority himself on Burroughs, and who agrees that Arnold is ERB's likely inspiration.)

Well, there I am running on again. I guess Sam's article is very stimulating, which is a good thing. But I must express once more my disappointment at his taking this occasion to attack me personally rather than to discuss the substance of the issue at hand.

—Richard A. Lupoff

If anything I wrote about Richard Lupoff's introduction to the Ace pirated edition of LT. GULLIVAR JONES has been construed as in any way a personal attack upon him or his character, I most abjectly apologize. I do not know the man. I know absolutely nothing about his character, but have never heard one derogatory remark ever made by any reader or fan concerning him. As a matter of fact, I admire his devoting so much time to the promulgation of Edgar Rice Burroughs' works, and hope we may become acquainted and friends.

But this does not mitigate one iota my conviction that he has no right of any kind to accuse Edgar Rice Burroughs of plagiarism. There is not one shred of evidence to support him. His opinion as to the source of Burroughs' Mars stories is just that - his opinion. If he were as widely read as he seems to feel that he is, he might have read CASTAWAY OF APE ISLAND which bears a notable resemblance to parts of TARZAN OF THE APES, even to lines of dialog. He might have read AT THE QUEEN'S MERCY in which "Lah"

is the high priestess of a lost remnant of Atlantis, which matches Opar in many, many particulars. There is nothing unusual, or even uncommon about a writer doing something that to all intents and purposes is original with him -- and finding later that someone else had done a very similar fashion. A case in point (and a very famous case indeed) is that of Jack London's BEFORE ADAM, which is so close to a French novel that London was openly accused of plagiarizing. As I recall, evidence was put forth that indicated the two stories were written at almost the same pace and period -- ten thousand miles apart.

I quarrel with the open implication in Lupoff's article that Burroughs unique Mars novels with all their finely detailed ephemera was based upon anything that anyone else wrote. Until there is evidence that Burroughs had read this obscure novel, I insist it is belittling to the character of a very fine gentleman who is now dead to conjecture in print that he was a literary thief.

You will note that I have called the Ace edition a pirated one. Legally, they seem to have every right to publish without paying royalties. However, since the British copyright law is enforced for fifty years after the author's death, the book is still privately-owned copyrighted material throughout the British Empire. Any publication in any country without acknowledging this fact, and paying royalties, is colloquially known as a pirated edition. (Just to avoid misunderstandings.)

I can't recall stating I'm the most widely read Edgar Rice Burroughs collector or fan. However, I'm prepared to wager a thousand dollars that Richard Lupoff cannot match my Burroughs collection, item for item. Any takers?

Edgar Rice Burroughs meant a great deal to me. After the war, I planned on attempting a writing career. Two men, both famous, gave me a great deal of encouragement. They were Edgar Rice Burroughs and Jeffery Farnol. Both are now dead. From the time I was first reading fiction at the age of seven (TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR was the first novel I ever read), they remained with me. When things were tough (and they were TOUGH at times) I used to read Farnol or Burroughs, and sort of daydream of being able to spin tales the way they did.

If I am biased in Mr. Burroughs' favor, isn't it understandable? Perhaps a little more so than a man who professes to be a great fan and then writes an article snidely assuming Burroughs stole his most famous story ideas? It is like the article in Caz's fanzine re: St. John's inability to draw feet. I find it a strange quirk that some young men feel a need to debunk everything that once meant something to the general public. Perhaps it is their need to feel superior to their predecessors or elders. George Washington lied very well to a pretty woman; Teddy Roosevelt had false teeth that made noises; Franklin D. was a cripple; who really wrote Shakespeare's plays? Obscure the warm values of the past by deliberately exhibiting the minor failings. Winston Churchill is gone; he has been named the greatest man of the century. Poobah, and rubbish; why don't you

(continued on page 27)

E·R·B **IN** **NEW** **CALEDONIA**

A
 PHOTO
 STORY
 b
 y

*John
 Harwood*



You may be interested in the enclosed photo of ERB while he was with the Armed Forces in the South Pacific during World War II.

This photo was taken by my friend, Clarence Swift of New Bedford, back in the latter part of 1942 while ERB, in his role as war correspondent for the Associated Press, was visiting troops in New Caledonia.

Mr. Swift was told that the author was in that part of the war theater teaching the men in the service the art of jungle warfare. He was supposed to have been engaged in teaching the Marines and Army the use of the machete and the identification of water-yielding plants in the jungles of the South Pacific regions.

My friend didn't get an opportunity to have any conversation with ERB other than to request permission to take his picture.

In reply to a request for further material on this phase of his father's career, Hulbert Burroughs, in his letter of May 14, 1965, had this to say:

I believe the information given to you by your friend concerning my father's activities in the South Pacific during the second World War is erroneous. He was not an expert in jungle

warfare, nor did he instruct any of the service men in this field. I recall very clearly some of the photographs purportedly showing him engaged in some of these activities, but actually these were merely public relations photographs which were used to send to some of the home-town newspapers as news items for some particular Service man who happened to be in the photograph with my Dad. If you ever come to Tarzana, I will show you E.R.B.'s scrapbook containing a great many of these public relations photographs made during his tour of the South Pacific. They are most interesting.

So it would seem that this story, interesting as it sounds, is only a story. It may have originated as a joke on the part of some service man and eventually was told as a true fact. The joker may have said, "I hear where Edgar Rice Burroughs, the Tarzan author, is coming through here. Maybe he is coming to tell us how to conduct jungle warfare."

This may have been spread as a joke until somebody heard it, took it as the truth and told the tale as a fact. This, combined with those public relations photos would lead other service men to believe that ERB really was going about the South Pacific war theater as an expert in jungle warfare.



(continued from page 2)

lion walking around the tent. I at once awoke my husband and told him I felt sure there was a lion about. He jumped up and went out, taking his gun with him. He looked around the outside of the tent, and spoke to the Swahili askari who was on sentry by the camp fire a little distance off. The askari said he had seen nothing except a donkey; so my husband came in again, telling me not to worry as it was only a donkey I had heard.

"The night being very hot, my husband threw back the tent door and lay down again beside me. After a while I dozed off, but was suddenly roused by a feeling as if the pillow were being pulled away from under my head. On looking around I found that my husband was gone. I jumped up and called him loudly, but got no answer. Just then I heard a noise among the boxes outside the door; so I rushed out and saw my poor husband lying between the boxes. I ran up to him and tried to lift him, but found I could not do so. I then called to the askari to come and help me; but he refused, saying that there was a lion standing beside me. I looked up and saw the huge beast glowering at me, not more than two yards away. At this moment the askari fired his rifle; and this fortunately frightened the lion, for it at once jumped off into the bush.

"All four of the askaris then came forward and lifted my husband back onto the bed. He was quite dead. We had hardly got back into the tent before the lion returned and prowled about in front of the door, showing every intention of springing in to recover his prey. The askaris fired at him, but did no damage beyond frightening him away again for a minute or two. He soon came back and continued to walk around the tent until daylight, growling and purring; and it was only by firing through the tent now and then that we kept him out. At daybreak he disappeared."

There are numerous instances of the courage (or temerity) of man-eating lions, as well as of those that have not developed a contempt for man and along with it a taste for his flesh. Col. Patterson relates several such, among them that of a man-eater which haunted a little roadside station called Kimaa. He seemed to have a predilection for railway men; but was not particular as to whether he carried off the station master, the signalman, or the pointsman. One night, in order to get a meal, he climbed to the roof of the station building and tried to tear off the corrugated iron roof, causing the terrified Indian telegrapher to wire the Traffic manager, "Lion fighting with station. Send urgent succor." All he succeeded in doing that night was to cut his feet on the corrugated iron; but later he killed and devoured several victims, with the result that Ryall, Superintendent of Police, accompanied by two friends, came to Kimaa in his private car for the express purpose of destroying him. Ryall's car was spotted on a siding that gave it a decided list to one side; so that the sliding door that opened onto the rear platform remained closed (or almost closed) by its own weight. After dinner the men decided to take turns keeping watch, and Ryall persuaded his friends to lie down while he took the first shift. The servants were in a compartment in the forward end of the car. It grew late; and as there was no sign that the lion was about, Ryall's two friends, Huebner and Parenti, lay down and went to sleep. Huebner in a high berth over the table, Parenti on the floor. The supposition is that Ryall, after watching for some

time, came to the conclusion that the lion was not going to show up that night, lay down on the lower berth and dozed off. It seems scarcely credible that the lion knew this, although it is difficult to explain his actions by any other hypothesis; and it is quite reasonable to assume that he had been stalking the three men all during the night. He mounted the two high steps to the small rear platform, pushed the sliding door open, and entered the car without making any sound sufficient to arouse the sleeping men. After he entered, the door slid back behind him and locked. He immediately sprang for Ryall, and in doing so planted his feet on Parenti who was sleeping on the floor. Huebner, who was sleeping in the upper berth, was awakened by a loud cry; and on looking down was horrified to see an enormous lion standing on Parenti with his hind feet, while his forepaws rested on Ryall. There was only one possible way of escape, and that was through another sliding door leading to the servants' quarters. The lion's great body filled up all the space below the berth; so that Huebner had to actually jump on the man-eater's back to reach the door, and this he did. But when he reached it he couldn't open it, as the terrified servants were holding it fast shut on the outside. Eventually he managed to force it open far enough to permit him to squeeze through. A moment later a great crash was heard, and the whole car lurched violently to one side. The lion had broken through one of the windows, carrying Ryall with him! Parenti, being at last released, jumped through a window on the opposite side of the carriage and took refuge in one of the station buildings. Ryall's remains were found the next morning about a quarter of a mile away.

It is interesting to speculate on the reactions of the victim of a lion's attack during the brief moments of consciousness that precede a very merciful death; for the lion does kill mercifully, in that he kills quickly. I think we have all experienced imaginatively the horror of such an end and its attendant physical torture, and that is the only way any one could. When you are attacked by a lion you will not experience any fear nor feel any pain, provided, of course, that you are not rescued before you are killed. You do not believe this? I did not suppose that you would.

A book, *Is Nature Cruel?*, written some forty years ago by J. Crowther Hirst, contains statements by a number of men who had been mauled by lions, which support my contention. Here is a personal experience of the great African missionary-explorer, Livingston.

"Growling horribly close to my ear, the lion shook me as a terrier does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror."

An English officer, who was fearfully clawed and bitten by a lion, writes of the experience.

"Regarding my sensations during the time of the attack upon me by the lion was in progress, I had no feeling of pain whatever, although there there was a distinct feeling of being bitten; that is, I was perfectly conscious, independently of seeing the performance, that the lion was gnawing at me; but there was no pain. To show that the feeling, or rather want of it, was in no wise due to excessive terror I may mention that, whilst my thighs were being gnawed, I took two cartridges out of the



breast pocket of my shirt and threw them to the Kaffir, who was hovering a few yards away, telling him to load my rifle..."

And now a word for the man-eaters. The same intelligence that created us created them. It gave them large bodies and enormous vitality, requiring great quantities of food for their support; but it did not endow them with alimentary processes fitting them to assimilate broccoli, artichokes, avocados, or spaghetti. Therefore, they eat meat, and we are meat. Their methods of obtaining meat may seem ruthless to us, but you must remember that lions have no packers to do their killing for them. Doubtless our methods seem ruthless to pigs, cows, chickens, and sheep. However, I am going right ahead eating prime beef; and I accord to the man-eaters their inalienable right to go on eating us, provided that they can catch us.

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remember the calamity in the Near East in WWI, and how he was forced to resign as a cabinet minister...? The fink!

I am not against anyone saying anything they please. But isn't it a bit unsporting to cast slurs on a dead man?

—Samuel A. Peeples

I don't believe anyone has proclaimed a "hate lupoff" week this season, as Dick seems to believe. But he is right about Sam's DAY OF THE DEBUNKER article being very stimulative. It caused hundreds of BB members to write letters commenting on Sam's article... and only five of these were of the opinion that Sam was a bit harsh with Dick. Generally, BB members did not dislike Lupoff so much as they disliked the way he was trying to say something. I think Lupoff could have avoided the wrath of the fans simply by mentioning that he believed Burroughs was inspired by Arnold's book. But nowhere in his intro for the Ace book does Lupoff use the term. It seems his intent was to propose that ERB was a plagiarist... there's the rub.

(continued from page 11)

of those scarce copies of TARZAN OF THE APES? Or did it mark, for certain titles, a small printing for special purposes that saw little general distribution? I recently wrote to McClurg about this, but they had neither records nor recollections to help answer the question. (Indeed, they asked for a copy of my book.)

In an effort to establish proof of the fact that the acorn variety actually was the first printing of TARZAN OF THE APES, I went to the Library of Congress in Washington, to seek out the original copies deposited there with the copyright registration in June 1911, but after several librarians got involved in the search, one of them came up with a notation slip stating that these two copies have been missing for many years.

When I visited Tarzana, this point was also explored to no avail. E. R. B. had no first edition of TA in his own collection, 27 years ago, and it will be recalled that he offered \$10 for one in a personal advertisement on two or three of his dust-jacket flaps in the late 1930's. (Ad-lib: These advertisements appeared on the dust jackets of TARZAN AND THE FORBIDDEN CITY and THE DEPUTY SHERIFF OF COCHISE COUNTY.) I saw the two second-hand, jacketless copies which he bought as a result of his offer, and neither one has the acorn. Probably Mr. Burroughs did not know about the acorn variety himself, since he did not mention it.

But somebody, somewhere, must have the solution to this perplexing problem. Who will unmask for us the Secret of the Acorn?



Ad-lib: McClurg's first printing of TARZAN OF THE APES totaled 5000 copies... followed by an immediate printing of an additional 5000 copies. After corresponding and talking with several of the people connected with the publication of ERB's first book, including one of the salesmen who worked for McClurg at the time, I am convinced that the first printing of 5000 copies are the ones with the acorn on the spine. I am equally convinced that the A. C. McClurg colophon was designed by none other than J. Allen St. John. Much more on this in THE WIZARD OF TARZANA.

CREDITS

- 2—MAN-EATERS by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS was contributed by TOM TOLLEY from his collection.
- 3—THE CLIMATE AND THE VIEW FOR CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE (March 30, 1914); THE CONTRAITS OF YESTERYEAR for CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE (May 31, 1915). These 2 poems by MORAL BEAN were rediscovered by BRUCE SCHUBERT and DAN BOMMAN with the assistance of HOWARD FUNK.
- 6—Illustration by ROBERT FINK for BLUE BOOK (1934)
- 7—SOLUTION OF THE LIGHTSHIP MURDER from ERB's original manuscript courtesy HUBERT BURROUGHS. Art by ROY G. KREMER
- 11—cartoon by H. W. STARR
- 16—courtesy BILL FORD
- 24—courtesy CLARENCE SWIFT and JOHN HAWWOOD
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